

LUZARA.

A
Pindarique ODE,
ON
Prince EUGENIUS
OF
SAVOY:
And His Late VICTORY over the
French and Spaniards,
IN
ITALY.

Most Humbly Dedicated, To His Grace,
THE
DUKE of Somerset.

*Dumque Thymo pascentur Apes, dum rore Cicadae,
Semper Honos, Nomenque tuum, Laudesque manebunt.*

VIRG. Buc. Ecl. v.

L O N D O N,

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177
21

To His Grace, *Charles Duke of Somerset*, Marquis
of *Hertford*, Viscount *Beauchamp*, and Baron
Seymour. Master of the Horse to Her Most
Sacred Majesty, Queen *ANNE*; Chancellor
of the University of *Cambridge*; One of the
Lords of Her Majesty's Most Honourable
Privy-Council: And Knight of the Most
Noble Order of the *GARTER*.

May it please Your Grace,

VERUE gives such a Glorious Light, that 'tis
Ador'd even by Those who are Ignorant of its Nature:
Which being *Pour Graces* constant Practice, hath engag'd the
Hearts and Affections of All that have the Happiness to know
Pou. Indeed I can claim that Honour no otherwise, then that
I've often been refresh'd by the Benignity of Your Diffusive Bounty,
and Goodness; for which, in Humble Gratitude, I think
my self oblig'd to Offer to *Pour Grace*, whatever is in my
Power.

MY LORD,

It being usual for the Generality of Mankind, when They either
See, or Hear, what is Extraordinary Fine, Brave, or Heroick,
(tho' They cannot imitate such Perfection) yet will Praise
its Excellency and Performanc; so I have endeavour'd to speak
my Wonder of *Prince Eugenius of Savoy*, whom all
Europe for his Conduct and Bravery justly Admire!

'Tis not impossible, but that the Natural Inclination of Man, to
be pleas'd with his own, may have caus'd me to think better of this
my Poem, than it deserves: But it not being wrote with a Spirit
and Vigor equal to the Great Actions of this Unparallel'd
Prince, does no more lessen His Glory, than an Illiterate
Preacher's vain Attempt, does the Inscrutable Excellency of the
Deity.

Tho' I am conscious, that there ought to be a regard to Equality, between a Presenter, and to whom Presented; yet I wou'd hope Your Grace will not esteem me rude, in presenting to You a Draught, instead of the Original, according to my best Conception of the Great Actions of This Prince at the Battle of Luzara. And tho' in this Poem I want expressive Words, and proper Epithetes to place His Illustrious Achievements in a True Light, yet Your Graces Esteem for His Person, and Bravery, will abundantly induce You to Patronize my Endeavours; since He that Acts to his Ability, is not to be blam'd.

MY LORD,

If this Poem be so happy as to have Your Grace's Countenance, I am sure those ill Natures, that otherwise wou'd Criticise on it, will be silent; knowing that the judicious Part of Mankind will count them Obstinate and Peevish, to question the Goodness of that Coin, to which Your Grace has given Your Noble Approbation. For certainly 'twas the Knowledge of Your Perspicuity and Judgment; and of Your Establish'd Wisdom, and Learning (consider'd abstractedly from the Greatness of Your Quality,) that induc'd, the Famous University of Cambridge, to desire Your Grace for Their Chancellour: The same have plac'd You since, in the Most Illustrious Employ of the Kingdom, and ev'n at the Helm of State.

MY LORD,

With all imaginable Deference, This Poem is most Humbly Presented to Your Grace, by

Your Grace's,

Most Humble, Dutiful, and Obedient Servant,

J. H.

A
PINDARIQUE
O D E, &c.

HAIL Great *Eugenius*! More Renown'd
 Than *Macedon's* Victorious Prince;
 Whose Temples meaner Lawrels crown'd
 From Female Softness won, and weak Defence:
 But fam'd *Eugenius*, by his Valour spur'd,
 That Danger still did but the more provoke,
 Thro' Streams of Fire, and Clouds of Smoke,
 Made open way for his Victorious Sword.
 Nor were they tender Persians he mow'd down,
 The Sons of Fear, and Slaves without a Heart:
 Nor Parthians swift in Fight, and swift to run;
 Nor numberless Barbarians, unexpert
 In Feats of War, that so enlarg'd his Fame:
 The Great *Eugenius*, greater Opposition found
 From Men inur'd to kill and wound;
 Gyants in War, whom Courage, Art, and Skill,
 And willing Patience to fulfil
 Severest Disciples' Commands,
 Had arm'd with many Heads, and many Hands.

Pernicious War! Whether by *Nimrod* first,
 Or *Belus* taught, their Neighbours to invade;
 By all Mankind abhor'd and curst,
 Yet happy in this, that from thy barbarous Trade,
 So many Vertues claim a long Decent.
 Had it not been for Battels lost and won,

We near had known
 What Fortitude, or Valour meant,
 What Clemency to vanquish'd Foes,
 What just Revenge on impious Wrong;
 Or whence true Fame, and lawful Triumph sprung.

By Vertues such as these,
 The mighty Hercules
 Gain'd Immortality among the Stars,
 For still his Cause was just, and just the Wars,
 That with unenvy'd Lawrels crown'd his Brows.

By Vertues such as these sustain'd,
 The Great *Eugenius* taught the World to see,
 That he could Victory Command,
 Stem ill Success, and alter Fate's Decree.

They who have seen, broke lose Vesuvius Floods
 Of melted Sulpur, all in Azure Flames,
 Like armed Bands come rowling on,
 And with impetuous Fury bearing down
 The weak Resistance of the neighb'ring Woods;
 With equal Terror might have here beheld
 The Great *Eugenius*, deep in bloody Streams,
 Encountring Smoak with Smoak, and Fire with Fire,
 Till Fire to Fire gave way, and Smoak to Smoak.

In such a dismal Field,
 Th' Undaunted Prince the Road to Honour took.
 As if 'twere still the noblest Hero's Fate,
 That they must pass thro' Hell
 Before they can be great.

The Air as in a Fever burn'd,
 And sulphry Clouds to Heaven aspire
 Ambitious first to tell
 What Wonders Darkness hasten'd to conceal.

What

" What ! cry'd the Sun, still making Haſt
 To his Atlantick Reſt,
 " Is my unruly Chariot overturn'd,
 " And all the World again on Fire ?
 " Yet here it was, where Inauspicious Po
 " Waters below
 " The Fruitful Plains of *Lombardy*,
 " That my Ambitious Son,
 " Didaining my Advice and me,
 " From Sovereign Command fell headlong down :
 " I like the Omen ; 'tis a Flood that bears
 " Uſurpers mortal Hate ; nor do I know,
 " That e'er Ambition thriv'd upon the Banks of *Po*.

While thus the Sun diſcours'd, the Flames increaſe,
 And Thunder's Imitation louder grew,
 While Showres of Blood the Thunderclaps purſue.
 A greater or more Bloody Sacrifice
 The Pagans to their Pagan Deities
 Ne'er paid, who made the tamer Beaſts
 Supply their vow'd Devotion's Pride.
 Here Men the Victims, Soldiers were the Priests,
 That for Oblations one another ſlew ;
 While Human Holocauſts ſupply'd
 The Greedy Jaws of Death with various Feaſts.
 Affrighted Daylight fled,
 And ſhrunk her lovely Head
 Into the Western Seas.
 Darkneſs came on, yet ſtill they fought
 As if th' Encounterers fought
 To hide the fell Deſtruction from their Eyes ;
 Aſham'd to ſee the Streams of human Blood,
 That from inhuman Slaughtering flow'd.

Confuſion follow'd ſoon, with all her horrid Train
 Of Flight, Purſuit, of Groans, and diſmal Cries ;
 The wounded Wail, th' Expiring fill the Skies
 With various Sounds, more deaf'ning than the Yell
 Of famiſh'd Wolves, or Noiſes ſain'd in Hell.

Have you e'er seen
 Th' inferiour Earth's surrounding Concave, all
 In hideous Uproar, threat'ning loud
 Affrighted Nature's Funeral ?
 Thunder and Lightning, high contending Winds,
 And Mounting Seas
 Dashing their Waves against the Horned Moon,
 And then chas'd down by dismal Showres as soon ?
 In vain the sturdy Oaks, and taller Pines,
 The fiery Hurricanes withstand,
 That with insulting Ravages
 Their Aged Roots from Earth's Embraces rend ;
 And what was wanting to augment Affright,
 Cimmerian Darknefs added to the brighter Night.

Yet in the midst of all this bloody Hurry,
 A Wonder for succeeding Story !
 Renown'd *Eugenius*, unconcern'dly fought.
 Danger beheld her self contemn'd, and shun'd
 Th' Approach of her Contemner, crown'd
 With Laurels from her scorned Terrors won ;
 For still the Brave *Eugenius*, moving on,
 With vigilant Care
 His labouring Combatants survey'd,
 And where the Battel totter'd, lent his timely Aid.
 The Field of Combat seem'd to him
 An Evening Promenade,
 Where War's loud Musick only serv'd
 To Serenade the Warriour's Mistress, *Fame*.

Not greater Courage did inflame
 The Brave Bullonian Hero's Breast ;
 Nor more experienc'd Conduct overcame
 The Warlike Saladine,
 Till then the Terror of the spacious East.
 Let *Homer* his great *Agamemnon* boast,
 Ten Years with various Fortune tofs'd
 Before the Trojan Walls ;
 Or let the Mantuan Bard his Trophies vaunt,
 From Latian Valour won
 By old *Anchises* Martial Son :

Whatever

Whatever Ancient Fable could invent,
 Those Truths could never paralel,
 Prepar'd for After-History to swell
 Thy Fame, Great Hero, to deserv'd Extent.

The Haughty *Catinat*,
 And Prouder *Villeroy*
 Presum'd, in their vain-glorious Heat,
 To promise, soon as seen, thy swift Defeat;
 Until they saw Thee fly
 O'er Mountain Tops, like Eagles to their Prey.

They had forgot
 A wholesome Lesson taught
 In *Mars's* School, not to deride
 The Strength, or Skill of Enemies untry'd:
 For which Neglect in Wars Morality,
 The scorn'd *Eugenius* made 'em dearly pay:
 Both forc'd to yield to his Victorious Arms,
 And both became,
 The Living Trophies of his growing Fame.

Next Fierce Revenge
 The Furious *Vendosme* warms
 To save the Honour of the Gallic Arms;
 By Sovereign Choice cull'd out
 The only Column to Support
 Despotick Rule, by Lawless Power upheld.
 Proud to supply the unexpected Change,
 With Swelling Numbers *Vendosme* takes the Field,
 Resolving some miraculous Effort,
 To imp the Wings of Loud Report;
 And meditating Kind Repasts
 For the Voracious Fowl
 To certain Conquest, so imagin'd, hasts.

Mean while the Prince, by Number overlaid,
 To Multitude gives way;
 Already made
 The Subject of their wanton Mirth,

And they that wish'd Him well
 Began to be afraid;
 Lamenting still so Great a Man should fall
 A Victim to his envy'd Worth;
 And cause enough there was to fear
 The Wiles of Envy, Vertues Mortal Foe;
 Succours delay'd, and Reinforcement slow,
 Had been to some just Grounds of chill Despair;
 So oft have Disappointments, such as these,
 Stopt the Carreer of Prosperous Success.
 But Great *Eugenius* had too large a Soul
 For treacherous Envy to controul;
 He found th' encroaching Enemy press on,
 And scorn'd that Number should prescribe him Laws;
 As Genius, Valour, Strength distinguish Men,
 He knew the Bravery of his own,
 But more the Justice of his Cause;
 And thus the Odds were duly poiz'd agen:
 What th' *One* in Number wants,
 Superior Right supplies;
 What t'other wants in Right,
 Superiour Numbers Equallize.
 Encourag'd thus by Motives different,
 They neither would for t'other stay;
 But both, as if assur'd of the Event,
 Make hast their thirst of Battle to allay:
 While both with equal Vigor strove
 Who should the first Assailers prove,
 Th' Imperial Chief was pleas'd to see
 Such Mettle in his forward Troops;
 And thence confirm'd in his Auspicious Hopes,
 Led on, to face his dubious Destiny.
 Howe're, fresh Courage to inspire,
 And add new Vigour to their kindl'd Fire
 To his Battalions lifting round,
 With Silence awful and profound,

“ Companions

" Companions of my Toils, said He,
 " That with Impavid Bravery,
 " Follow'd my Conduct o'er the Rhetian Hills,
 " And from their Dens the Gallick Lyons rows'd ;
 " Still *Catinat* the Wounds of *Chinfa* feels ;
 " The Fate of *France* on *Villeroy* repos'd,
 " Till with Disgrace at *Chiari* foil'd,
 " And at *Cremona* forc'd to yield
 " Himself your Valour's Prize :
 " I lead ye now to Death, or Victory ;
 " The First your Noble Souls despise ;
 " The t'other to your Swords familiar grown,
 " You cannot Live, and see
 " From your Embraces ravish'd by a Foe,
 " Only by Flight to your try'd Valour known.
 " I say no more, resolv'd to act my Part,
 " 'Tis but for you a Lesson to repeat
 " Already got by Heart,
 " And follow the Examples which your selves have set.

This said, th' Imperial Chief advanc'd,
 The more incens'd,
 The more he saw the Foe so strongly fenc'd,
 And with a general Storm begun ;
 Scorning such Barricades, as those,
 Of Art, or Nature, should oppose
 His Passage to Renown ;
 He first fell on, and chas'd the swarming Power,
 That but the Day before,
 In the Delusion of their flattering Pomp,
 Had shar'd the Spoils of his abandon'd Camp.
 But what attracts our Admiration most,
 Ne'er was the Courage of a numerous Host
 More Universal, or Unanimous !
 An Obstinacy Brave, and Generous,
 The Body all entire possess'd !
 As if they fought that Day
 For Laurel Wreaths, not Mercenary Pay.

New Circulations seem'd to be found out
 As well of Martial Spirits, as the Blood,
 That in continual Motion flow'd
 From the Chief Leader first, as from the Root;
 Through all the great Commanders Veins; and thence
 To the more numerous Subalterns deriv'd,
 The General Mass with fresh Supplies reviv'd.

Since Men, by dire Necessity constrain'd,
 Tho' Fatal, yet not to be shun'd,
 To hide War's foul Deformities, enchain'd
 Those fair Idea's, long by Mortals crown'd
 With the Enchanting Names,
 Of Honest, and of Brave,
 To the Severer Custom by themselves impos'd
 Upon themselves, to murder and enslave

 Their own Unfortunate Race;
 Say where the Field of Blood has known
 Atchievements claiming more Renown?
 Not greater Resolution e'er
 In Warlike Manhood did appear!
 Not *Curtius* more unshak'n Courage shew'd,
 When with a full Career he rode
 Into the Yawning Earth's dark Womb,
 A Victim to his Countries Doom:
 Nor *Scævola* more Glory gain'd,
 By burning his Mistaking Hand.

While private Soldiers shew'd Commanders Hearts,
 Commanders acted private Soldiers Parts.
 The Sun withdrew from the Amazing Sight,
 And when they wanted Light,
 The Fires, they made themselves, expell'd
 The Darknefs of the Night.
 Nor was it understood,
 Which thickest fell, the Leaden Showrs, or Showrs of Blood.

Here fell the Valiant *Comerci*,
 Among the foremost in the Bloody Strife,
 Deserving longer Life,
 But yet Immortal in his Destiny!

Who

Who from his Youth, bred up in *Mars's* School,
 Had learnt as well to Obey, as how to Rule;
 And by such Steps ascending Honour's Hill,

Soon spread his Fame in War,
 And Young in bold Exploits, and Martial Toil,
 As soon deserv'd to be enroll'd

In the Bright Register
 Of Modern Hero's, more Renown'd than those of Old.
 This *Commerci's*, this was *Patroclus's* End;

The One *Achilles* lov'd,
 By choice the other was *Eugenius* Friend,
 And in their Destinies unchang'd;
 By Friend lamented, and by Friend reveng'd.

Here *Trautmansdorf*, and *Leichrenstein*,
 Oft by the *Danaw* seen

With Crimson Blood besmear'd,
 And Younger *Vaudemont*, in Battel fear'd!

With many more, too numerous to name,
 In fresh pursuit of future Fame

Fought with *Rinaldo's*, and *Tancredi's* Flame:
 Surpassing the Undaunted Son

Of *Salaminian Telamon*,
 Where Danger hover'd most in view

With reaking Wounds, as quick as Thought,
 Where greater Danger crav'd their Aid, they flew;

And to the Wonders which their Squadrons wrought,
 Still added Wonders of their own.

The Spanish Monarch, so they term'd him then,
 To Young *Ascanius's* Fame aspir'd;

And flattering his Fantastick Brain
 With airy Metors fir'd,

Boasted great Wonders from his *Gorgon* Charms,
 To the Confusion of the German Arms.

Already in a Dream,
 He had the stout *Mezentius* foil'd;

And little *David* had despoil'd
 The vast *Goliath* of his Weaver's Beam.

Puff't up with Fancies such as these,
He saw both Armies join'd in eager Fight,
And for a while look'd on;
Till viewing the sad Fate of his *Gensdarmes*,
And warn'd by others Harms,
He judg'd it time to think of early Flight,
And like *Darius*, was the first that run.

After Three Hours, that with Fear possess'd,
The Hopes and Glory of both *Spains*
Had prudently sav'd One;
Darkness prevail'd, and Sounds of Battel ceas'd.
A silent Stillness, as when Calms succeed
Heaven's broken Peace by raging Hurricanes,
The Victor's Respite gave to rest, and feed;
While Night, like *Neptune* to *Aeneas* kind,
The Vanquish'd cover'd with her Sable Wings
To ruder Destinies design'd.
Thus Towns, and Rivers have by War been fam'd;
The Neighbouring *Trebia* Room in Story gain'd,
For being once with Roman Slaughter swell'd,
Not far from where now *Po* beheld,
The foul Defeat of Two Confederate Kings.

And now the Noise of the Encounter flew
Where Fame, the Daughter of the Earth,
That always mixes False with True,
The Vulgar to amuse,
Had her misshapen Birth.
Immediately she spreads her gaudy Wings,
And to the Field of Battel dings,
To fill her Trumpet with the News.
The Great *Eugenius* first she courts,
Who had already sent fair Truth before:
But *Vendosme* lades her with Reports,
And bid her make her Trumpet roar
His Praises to the Skies:
My Credit must be sav'd, *said he*, by Lyes
Which only thou canst spread;

For

For should the Truth be known,
 My Master's Reputation's gone,
 And I must lose my Head.
 Let me alone, *said Fame*, and said no more,
 But play'd her Part so well,
 That the pleas'd Monarch into Rapture fell.
 The welcome Tydings deep-mouth'd Cannons roar,
 With Victory *Versailles* rung;
 And loud *Te Deums* in the Temples sung
 A Mockery made of Heav'n, which th' Irreligious Priest
 As impiously defends, to sooth his Monarch's Breast.

Nothing more Ruinous,
 Or discomposes more
 The Conduct of the Mind,
 Then Fallhood past the Cure of *Hellebore*,
 Or Flattery believ'd;
 And Both impos'd upon the Credulous.

Men thus deceiv'd
 In *Halcyon* Seas are forc'd to quit the Helm,
 And suffer Shipwreck in a Lulling Calm,
 But like the Stars that move in different Spheres,
 Unfully'd by the Vapours of the Earth;

The Great *Eugenius* steers
 A Conduct, far above the Reach
 Of Vertues Bold Assassins
 That vainly strive to blast his Martial Feats,
 The Bright Concomitants of his Illustrious Birth.

The Task would be too Great
 Thy Vertues, Mighty Hero! To Repeat!
 The World has oft in Thee beheld
 What makes a Leading Chief compleat:
 Thy Prudence, with an humble Reverence,
 At Strife with all fore-seeing Providence;

Thy Active Heat
 Not to be vanquish'd all the while,
 With Indefatigable Toil:
 Thy Fortitude in Danger unappall'd;
 Unshaken most, the more Assistance fail'd:

And

And choosing rather Death should end the Strife,
 Than be confin'd to ignominious Life.
 Yet was the Remedy not rashly fought,
 While Vertue only against Fury fought.
 Majestick Sweetness, and Majestick Awe,
 Now sternly grave, now gravely Debonair,
 At once procur'd the Soldier's Love and Fear,
 And authoriz'd thy Discipline for Law.

Hence that Success, that waited still
 Upon thy Prudence, Fortitude, and Warlike Skill.

Live then, Victorious Prince,

To be the Terror of *Uurping France!*

For this Antiquity renown'd
 Great *Theseus*, and Brave *Pirithous* crown'd.

They in the Srenuous Defence
 Of Publick Liberty, and Publick Right,
 Fierce Robbers tam'd, and Centaurs put to Flight:
 For under such detested Names as those,

Did Ancient Fable then expose
 Despotick Rule, and Impious Tyranny.

By *Titans* quell'd, *Jove* made his Way

To Heaven's Supremacy ;

Unjust Aspirers They

To the World's Universal Monarchy.

An Eagle Augur'd his Success ;
 His Standard after that, in all his Wars;

Such may thy Eagles prove;

Auspicious hitherto, like those of *Jove*.

So may thy Lawrels crown another *Mars*,

As thy Atchievements every Day encrease.

Till WE with thy Applauses fill the Skies ;

And THOU, by Roman Consuls ne'er outdone,

From Conquest, hast like Them, the Sirname won

Of *NEAPOLITAN*, and *MILANOIS*.

FINIS. †